

## CONCERNING EVENTS OF MAY 20, 1775

(Continued from page five.)

Had I not been too young.

"Giving me a look, if not of approval, certainly of neither dissatisfaction nor rebuke—

"Pray, sir," said he, "have you lived long in this part of the country?"

"Ever since my childhood, sir."

"You are then, I presume, pretty well acquainted with it?"

"Perfectly, sir; I am familiar with every hill and stream and celebrated spot it contains."

"During the late war, if my information be correct, the inhabitants were true to the cause of their country and brave in its defense."

"Your information is correct, sir. They were, almost to a man, true-hearted Whigs and patriots, and as gallant soldiers as ever drew swords or pointed rifles in behalf of freedom. In Mecklenburg county, where we now are, and in Rowan, which lies before us, a Tory did not dare to show his face—if he were known to be a Tory. It was in a small town, which we shall pass, that Lord Cornwallis lay encamped, when he swore that he had never before been in such a d—m—d nest of Whigs—for that he could not, in the surrounding country, procure a chicken or a pig for his table, or a gallon of oats for his horse, but by purchasing it with the blood of his soldiers, who went in quest of it."

"Pray, what is the name of that town?"

"Charlotte, sir, the county town of Mecklenburg, and the place where independence was declared about a year before its declaration by Congress; and my father was one of the Whigs who were concerned in the glorious transaction. We shall arrive at Charlotte tomorrow morning," I continued, "where you will be enthusiastically received, by five hundred at least—perhaps twice the number, of the most respectable inhabitants of the country; a large portion of whom served, in some capacity, in the Revolutionary War—several of them, I believe, as officers and privates, under your own command. When I passed through the town yesterday morning, a large number of them had already assembled, and the crowd was rapidly increasing. And they are exceedingly provident. Convinced that they cannot all be supplied in the town, with either food or lodging, many of them have brought with them large and well-covered farm-wagons, for the bed chambers and enough of substantial food, already cooked, for a week's subsistence. Others again have already erected, and are still erecting, for their temporary residence, in the midst of a beautiful and celebrated grove (where a victory was gained, by a company of militia riflemen, over a party of Tarleton's dragoons), the very tents under which they slept as soldiers, in the service of their country. And they are about as obstinate and noisy a set of gentlemen as I have ever met, or ever wish to meet again—especially when in a hurry. I was obliged, much against my will, to hold a long parley with them, yesterday morning, when I wished to be in motion to meet you, lest you might anticipate me in reaching the boundary line of the State."

"The General was evidently pleased with my narrative, and so diverted by the increased freedom and ease of my manner (for I was now perfectly myself) that though he did not actually smile (for he very rarely smiled), he seemed at times, as I fancied, more inclined to a little merriment than to maintain unchanged his habitually grave and dignified aspect."

"Reference was then made to several events of note, which had occurred in the Southern Revolutionary War. And respecting one of them, in particular, of great brilliancy, and no little moment, I was astonished to find that I was much better informed than Washington himself. To such an extent was this true, that he appeared to be even more astonished than I was. Indeed, some of the expressions used by him, I was at first apprehensive that he was incredulous of my story. This induced me to speak with more energy and positiveness than I had previously employed, and to specify a few of the most striking and memorable incidents of the affair. I allude to the battle at Ramsauer's Mill, in which about three hundred Whigs, then fresh from their homes, and who had never before been in a field of battle, attacked and defeated, with great slaughter, in a selected and fortified position, twelve hundred Tories, and made six hundred of them prisoners."

"The reason why I was better informed than Washington, respecting this gallant and sanguinary action, is plain and satisfactory. It had been fought in an obscure and rather frontier situation, in the South, by two bodies of militia, and had never been fully recorded in print. To Washington, therefore, no opportunity to read an account of it had been presented; a formal dispatch respecting it had not been forwarded to him, because it had no immediate connection with the regular army; and the sphere of his operations being in the North, little or no correct intelligence in relation to it had been

communicated to him through any other channel.

"But very different had been my opportunity to acquire information with regard to that action. With a large portion of the Whigs engaged in it, my father and brothers were acquainted at the time; and with not a few of them I myself became acquainted, as a youth, at a subsequent period. Nor was this all. One of my brothers had himself been deeply concerned in the battle, having led into it about sixty of the most disciplined and expert riflemen in the country."

"From my early boyhood, therefore, I had been familiar with the details of the 'Battle of Ramsauer's Mill,' having heard them recited scores of times, in the form of a fireside and exciting story."

"I need hardly remark that, by the indulgent attention with which the President honored my narratives and representations, and the kind and complimentary replies he occasionally made to me, I was highly gratified. He at length inquired of me whether he might expect to meet at Charlotte any of the leading members of the convention which prepared and passed the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, and especially whether my father would be there. I replied that my father was dead, and that Dr. Prevard (sic), the author of the Declaration, was also dead; that, of the members of the convention still living, I knew personally but two—Adam Alexander, who had been president of the body, and John McKnitt Alexander, his brother, who had been its secretary; that they were far advanced in life, and lived at some distance from Charlotte, but that I felt confident their ever-green spirit of patriotism, united to their strong desire to see him, would bring them there, should they be able to travel."

"On the evening of that day, having arrived at the headquarters of the troop to which I belonged, I surrendered my place to my superiors in rank, and received from Washington, in their presence, a compliment—peculiarly gratifying to me, as well on account of the manner of its bestowal as of its own import—on what he was pleased to pronounce my honorable and exemplary deportment as an officer, and the interesting and valuable information I had imparted to him respecting the country and its inhabitants through which I had escorted him."

"During Washington's stay in Salisbury, I was much around his person, in the capacity of junior master of ceremony, and when the General left Salisbury, on his way to the North, I again, at the head of a new and larger escort, attended him to Guilford Courthouse, the celebrated battleground of Greene and Cornwallis, a distance, as well as I now remember, of about sixty miles. Having there conducted him over the field of action of the two armies, according to the best information I could collect respecting its localities and fronts, we returned to the courthouse, where, conformably to my orders, I reluctantly took leave of him—he, to proceed on his journey to the then seat of government, and I to retrace my route to the South. Nor, highly flattered as I had been by his notice of me, and even by occasional marks of his apparent partiality toward me, and sincerely attached as I had become to his person, was the act of leave-taking, on my part, without much more emotion than I believed I should experience."

"Having paid to him, at the head of my little squadron, the farewell ceremony, in military style, and being about to issue the command to move forward, Washington beckoned me to approach him. Having eagerly advanced to within a suitable distance, he bowed in his saddle, and extended to me his hand. That act, accompanied, as I fancied it to be, by an appearance, in his countenance, of marks of feeling, again completely unmanned and silenced me. As, on first meeting him, I was able to greet him only with my sword, I could now bid him a personal farewell in no other way than by the pressure of his hand; and, observing my emotion, my eyes once more swimming in tears, he returned the pressure, and addressed to me a few words, thanking me courteously for my devoted attention, and what he was pleased to call my numerous services to him, and hoping to see me during the prosecution of my studies in Philadelphia, to which place I had apprised him of my intention to repair, he again pressed my hand, and was forthwith in motion."

"For a moment, I fancied my behavior to have been so unsoldierlike that I almost hesitated to assume my station at the head of my escort; but, casting a look toward it, as it stood motionless in column, I perceived several of its members, some years older than myself, and noted for their firmness, wiping the moisture from their eyes, as I had just done from mine, and that sight did much to reconcile me to myself. It convinced me that the scene I had just passed through had been a moving one, and that, when affection is awakened, it is not unmanly for even a soldier to weep. I therefore replaced myself at their head and led my comrades back to Salisbury."

Assuming the authenticity and ac-

## A Romantic Day on Historic Killdevil

By MARION T. PLYLER.

All the world knows of the Wrights and their flying machine at Killdevil Hill, where the first flying in the world's history was done, but many are entirely ignorant of the romance and history belonging to this section of the Atlantic Seaboard. One must lounge on the sand by the surf, view the wide expanse of sound and sea, breathe the air and smell the salt, as memory brings back the days gone, to duly appreciate this little known Carolina coast region.

At five miles' drive from Kitty Hawk around the bay bearing the same name brought me in full view, across the mile or more of level land of the Wrights' camp squat at the foot of Killdevil Hill. Suggestions of winter lingered long that morning, though the sun, obscured now and then by clouds that dashed like eager couriers across the sky, was well up over the Atlantic. Intimations of the days when the storm king holds full sway filled the wide expanse. A wild spirit was in the air. But about the camp on which the attention of the world focused all was calm and serene. Orville Wright and his nephew Buster, a boy of ten, with the young athletic Englishman, Ogilvie, of international fame as an aviator, were at target practice with an air rifle, fully as unconscious as children at play. Though the great press agencies had been sending out daily to the ends of the earth for four weeks or more the doings on Killdevil field, not a paper had these men seen, and they seemed to care little for the name they are making. Free are they from the itch for notoriety.

After the most neighborly fashion they chatted with the little group of visitors who sat around on stools and boxes, giving their own views of local incidents and names and things, until the wind rose to about twenty-three miles an hour, with a promise of increasing velocity, when they began leisurely to make ready to carry their glider to the summit of Killdevil for the day's tests.

Not until I reached the top of this monster sandhill, whose crest, one hundred and three feet above sea level, is ever breaking and moving on under the restless winds, did the significance of the past and the present dawn upon me. To the southwest along the sound lay the Nag's Head woodland, tinted with the scarlet and gold of the autumn, while five miles farther on arose out of the water the well defined outlines of Roanoke Island. Over old Fort Raleigh, where the ill-fated colony of 1587 waited and watched for the relief that never came, hung a

lead haze which deepened and grew more inscrutable to the gaze as the eye swept westward over the wide waters of the Albemarle Sound—waters so full of mystery to the early English colonists. To the south and to the north stretch the miles and miles of dunes so characteristic of the Carolina coast, ranging in a few feet in height to more than a hundred feet, all of which, owing to the serene northeast winds of the winter, are with glacier-like certainty crawling on to the south. Seventy miles down this breaker-beaten coast Cape Hatteras, with its diamond shoals, thrust out into the ocean for twelve miles, like the tongue of some monster of the deep ready to lick in and swallow down every craft, remains the terror of seamen; while to the north an equal distance is Hampton Roads, of Monitor and Merrimack fame, in which all the navies of the world could ride at anchor in perfect safety. Thus with Hampton Roads, where naval warfare was revolutionized; with Roanoke Island, where the English first settled in North America; with Hatteras, the Golgotha of the seas; and with the Atlantic, vast and grand and mysterious, to the east, Killdevil Hill is in the midst of a region to attract the poet, the painter, and the historian.

Especially true is this since the coming of the Wrights, who have given wings to men far better than any known to Icarus. It is an enchanted land, frequented by the wizards of the air. Orville Wright pointed out the exact spot from which they, about three years ago, made their first flight in a northerly direction up the hill, his being the first heavier-than-air machine to rise successfully from the ground. I can only say that with a new light in his eye did he recall that day. It marked a new day in the world's history. So now to watch this modest young man rise, poised like a bird on the wing, descend, rise again, and poised at will, he having established a new world's record just two days prior—the romance of the day could not do less than charm me.

hitecaps played upon the sound to sea, and the drifting sands rolled along the dunes as for a thousand years gone. I could not long for one who might tell in song or story the tale of this romantic region of "wind and water" from the day Virginia Dare's baby eyes looked out on the primeval wilderness to these last times in which the Wrights have made real the dream of centuries. —Nashville Christian Advocate. Elizabeth City, N. C.

curacy of the account, the narrative at least indicates:

1. That the narrator "possessed an intimate and accurate acquaintance with the people and localities of the tract of country" through which he journeyed with Washington, "as well as with its general and special history, both remote and recent."

2. That the narrator regarded the patriotic achievements of his section, in contributing to the cause of national independence, most worthy of being detailed to the supreme exemplar of American patriotism: the "Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence," the Battle of Ramsauer's Mill, and the Battle of Guilford Court House.

3. That to the mind of the narrator, the "Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence," to employ his own phrase, was as unquestioned an historic fact as the Battle of Ramsauer's Mill or the Battle of Guilford Court House.

4. That the "Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence" was not only known as such in Salisbury in 1792, but also that it was a source of such intense patriotic pride that a young man of nineteen selects it as his leading topic in conversation with the revered Washington, the then President of the self-freed colonies.

5. That the narrator, at some time prior to 1792, had heard from his father, "one of the Whigs who were concerned in the glorious transaction," that in Charlotte "Independence was declared, about a year before its declaration by Congress."

6. That he knew enough of the "Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence" to assert that Dr. Prevard (misspelled Prevard) was the author of the Declaration; and that he knew personally "Adam Alexander, who had been president of the body, and John McKnitt Alexander, who had been its secretary."

7. That Charles Caldwell, like Fraugott Bagge, was referring to a meeting at Charlotte, in Mecklenburg county, in 1775, at which independence was actually declared. If in reference to the May 31st resolves he used the phrase, the "Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence," he was the victim of a crude error, which yet remains to be proved to have been a popular delusion of the period, viz., of describing as a declaration of independence a set of resolves in which independence was not declared. If he was not referring to the May 31st resolves—hazardous alternative—is it possible that he may have been referring to some meeting—imaginably on May 20, 1775—at which independence was actually declared?—Charlotte Observer.

J. Ham Lewis having declared for Champ Clark, we may expect at least one candidacy to get hot enough to have whiskers on it—Omaha Bee.

The oldest inhabitant may as well cut off the weather reminiscences and draw up closer to the fire.

### John S. Sargent's Suggestion.

(Washington Star.)

Joseph E. Widener, being congratulated in New York on the excellence of his father's pictures, smiled and said:

"Yes, my father has been a discreet collector. He is not like the New York millionaire whom Sargent visited."

"Sargent was taken by this millionaire through a huge gallery of dubious Rembrandts, Titians, Raphaels and Murillos."

"Mr. Sargent," the millionaire said, gazing pompously at the long lines of vast, dingy canvases, "I have decided to leave my pictures to some public institution. What institution would you suggest?"

"I suggest," said Mr. Sargent, "an institution for the blind."

It's easier to look wise than it is to deliver the goods.

Anyway, a snifter can pretend that she would rather be her own boss.

## \$3.50 Recipe Free, For Weak Men

Send Name and Address  
Today—You Can Have it  
Free and Be Strong and  
Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting restorative, upholding SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 4845 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge \$2.00 to \$5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.